2224

Secretary's Report
Class of 1866
Harvard College
1924

Anna L. Storer

Elizabeth Moorfield Sturgis Henry S. Sturgis, Jr.
Robert L. Sturgis

THE TWENTY-SECOND

SECRETARY'S REPORT

OF

THE CLASS OF 1866

OF

HARVARD COLLEGE

JUNE, 1924

BOSTON

Printed for the use of the Class

1924

348783 38.
4. 4.

ADDRESSES OF THE CLASS

Samuel A. B. Abbott (Villa Lontana, via Cassia, Rome, Italy), or Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Henry G. Blair, 1411 Hyde Park Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Albion Cate, 5435 Ingleside Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Alexander D. Dunbar, 808 Hudson Avenue, Peekskill, N. Y.
Dr. Edward W. Emerson, Concord, Mass.
Edward N. Fenno, 87 Milk Street, Boston.
George A. Flagg, 12 Ashburton Place, Boston.
David G. Haskins, Jr., 10 Tremont Street, Boston, or Bennett Road, Wayland, Mass.
Amos M. Leonard, 116 Waverly Avenue, Newton, Mass.
James O. Parker.
Edward F. Peirce, 58 Cornhill, Boston.
Thomas S. Perry, 312 Marlborough Street, Boston, or Hancock, N. H.
Dr. Thomas P. Shaw, 110 18th Street, Lowell, Mass.
Swithin C. Shortlidge, Media, Pa.
Moorfield Storey, 53 State Street, Boston.
Charles E. Stratton, 70 State Street, Boston.
Melvin A. Underwood, 6 Longwood Terrace, Boston, 17.
Thomas W. Ward, Chestnut Street, near Perkins Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Dr. Leonard Wheeler, 12 Chestnut Street, Worcester, Mass.
John D. Williams, 148 State Street, Boston.

John V. Apthorp, 88 Tremont Street, Boston.
J. Murray Forbes, 107 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, or Milton, Mass.
Charles Ouellet, Hebertville, Lake St. John, Quebec.
Colonel Joseph H. Willard, U.S.A., 41 Catherine Street, Newport, R. I.

70 State Street
Boston, 19 June 1924.

CLASSMATES:

Here is your little Year Book for 1924, made larger, alas! by the memorial notices of the six who have left us during the past year, Batchelor, Ladd, Dixon, Stoddard, Welles and last, but not least, Hayes. Requiscant in pace! Stoddard's son, Mr. Francis R. Stoddard, Jr., has kindly furnished the obituary of his father.

I know you have the same pleasure as myself in looking at young people. I have therefore given you as a frontispiece Storey's four great-grandchildren. I was sorry not to be able to get them in a group. The little Storer is the great-grandchild of Ladd as well as Storey.

I sent the congratulations of the Class to President Eliot on his 90th birthday, and you will find on the following page his acknowledgment.

I also was sure you would like to read Mrs. Farlow's kind letter, and I therefore give you a copy of that.

Abbott's graphic account of our Football game with the Freshmen, Bloody Monday night of 1863, kindly furnished at my request, you will find on pages 6 and 7.

Once more I thank you for all your kind letters, and once more, dear Classmates, I wish you one and all a Happy New Year!

Yours affectionately,

CHARLES E. STRATTON,
Class Secretary.

17 Fresh Pond Parkway
Cambridge, Massachusetts.
20 March, 1924.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot wishes to thank you for your message of congratulation. Because of the mass of correspondence he is at present receiving, it is not possible for him to do more than send you this acknowledgment, and tell you how much he values your thought of him on his birthday.

24 Quincy Street
Cambridge.

Dear Mr. Stratton:

How kind and thoughtful you are! There is nothing that could give me more pleasure than to open my doors to the brave heroes of the wonderful Class of '66 on Commencement Day, June 19, 1924. I shall be glad to have you furnish the entertainment as in earlier days, and to co-operate with you in any way you may suggest. It is sad to realize that Mr. Hayes will no longer be with the Class.

It will give an unexpected pleasure to the day.

With most friendly greetings from

LILIAN H. FARLOW

May 2, 1924.

September 27, 1923.

Dear Charley:

This is the first chance I have had to answer your request for my recollection of the glorious resurrection of the Football in 1863. I fear you will find my recollection very spotty, that is to say I remember with great distinctness some scenes, while the events connecting them are vague even if existing. It must be borne in mind that football in 1863 had nothing in common with football of today.

In 1863 the number of players was unlimited, and the sides were not necessarily equal in number. The ball could not be voluntarily touched except by the foot. After the ball was once in play the game generally resolved itself into a huge scrimmage, and of course a scrimmage with forty to a hundred players on a side often became a sort of a free fight, and I fancy the Sophomore and Freshman games were intended to be nothing else; however, they served perhaps a good purpose by enabling the classes to size each other up. Neither class disliked the game and both looked upon the suppression of it by the faculty as an act of wicked tyranny. The game was suppressed several years before my time and as a protest against the wicked act, the football was solemnly interred by the classes with proper ceremony in the Delta. I entered Harvard in 1863 as a Fresh-Soph, and joined a table of a dozen of the Class, among whom was Nisbet Lawrence, and for the first term we boarded at a house about cat-a-corner with the old President's house on Quincy Street. I remember distinctly that shortly after I joined the table there was a discussion at dinner about the wickedness of suppressing the time honored Sophomore-Freshman football game. After dinner I left the house with Nisbet Lawrence and as we walked toward Harvard Square, I suggested that it would be a good thing to resurrect the football and have at least one good game

before the faculty could get their work in. This suggestion appealed to Lawrence, who was a leader in the Class, and he soon collected a lot of congenial fellows and together we concocted a scheme to have a resurrection and a game. We were soon in communication with some Freshmen who were very glad to help.

The banner which is seen in the photograph was painted by Jim Holt, house painter, custodian of Harvard shells, owner of a gigantic and terrible spotted dog. After the last recitation in the afternoon, we assembled near the old Brattle House and then ordered the procession. Nisbet Lawrence led with the banner, supported by Willard, then came a squad with picks and shovels and then followed the rest of us. What music we had I don't remember, but I know that we attracted a great deal of attention during our march through Harvard Square to the College Yard. As we passed through the Yard our number we recruited by I fancy all the rest of the Sophomore Class and most of, if not all, the Freshmen. When we reached the Delta we solemnly sought out the last resting place of the old football, assisted in our search by such records as could be had at the moment. In a surprisingly short time our efforts were crowned with success. A few moments of active pick and shovel work and the ball was found and tossed into the air amid the plaudits of the multitude. As time was precious, the ball was at once put into play and a very pretty rough and tumble fight ensued. It was not of long duration, for the faculty, alert tyrants, had got wind of the affair, and were out in force. When they reached the battle-field there was nothing to be seen but an open grave, a trampled sward and sundry old hats. The embattled Sophs and Freshmen had melted into air, into thin air. All had suddenly remembered engagements to be elsewhere. Unfortunately some had seen and recognized both Lawrence and Willard and they were suspended. To show our sympathy, we asked them to allow us to have a photograph taken of them in their armour, upholding the banner. I think the football was rescued from the faculty and divided among certain of the Class. Since then football existeth not.

S. A. B. A.

ABBOTT has just returned from Italy, and promises to be with us at Commencement. He says that he has nothing of interest to report save that a young Italian has claimed that he is Abbott's son, that our classmate is an Italian, born in Italy, married there, and ran away from his native land many years ago, deserting the son, who has recently found out his wicked father living at Rome under the name of Abbott, and has applied to the Italian Courts to establish his paternity. Apparently by the laws of Italy the burden is on Abbott to prove that he is not the father of the Italian, and our classmate wishes us to know, in case any of us should be faced by a similar would-be off-spring, that he has found his degree of A. B. of great help to him in this emergency (to say nothing of the Class Reports).

*GEORGE BATCHELOR was born in Southbury, Connecticut, July 3, 1836. His father was a Baptist minister. Both his parents were born in England. At the age of sixteen he was a clerk in a store in Pownal, Vermont, and continued in mercantile employment till 1859, when, obeying an impulse that had slowly been gaining strength since his boyhood, he determined to study for the ministry, and entered the Divinity School at Meadville, Pennsylvania, with $300., his entire fortune. As board was then only $50. a year and tuition free, he managed to graduate with a debt of only $125. While at Meadville he learned the necessity of a more thorough training, and in the last term of the middle year, eighteen months before coming to Harvard, he began to prepare for college, with the assistance of some of his fellow students in the School. Having graduated from the Meadville Theological School, he entered the Sophomore Class at Harvard in 1863, at the age of twenty-seven. He served in the United States Sanitary Commission during the Winter of 1865-6, and was stationed with Sheridan's army as Superintendent of the Commission in Winchester, Virginia. While at college he supported himself in part by preaching. He held good rank as a scholar, was elected Class Chaplain and received his A. B. in course in July, 1866. In the following September he was married to Miss Priscilla Cushing Stearns, daughter of Professor Oliver Stearns of the Harvard Divinity

School, and in October he was ordained and settled over the Independent Congregational Church (Unitarian) in Barton Square, Salem, Massachusetts, where he had an honorable and successful career, winning affection and respect, not only from his church, but from the whole city. In the first month of his ministry his daughter Edith was born, and the following December an enthusiastic party of 12 classmates repaired to Salem, and presented the Class Cradle. While at Salem he made frequent contributions to Unitarian literature. He was also made Secretary of the then new National Unitarian Conference, a post which he held for many years, and filled with conspicuous ability. The Conference met year after year at Saratoga, New York, and the management of its affairs was largely in his hands.

After Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer went to New York, Batchelor was called in 1882 to Unity Church, Chicago, and there he began what promised to be a most successful ministry. But he soon developed what was for long a baffling and mysterious illness, which for a time brought him almost to death's door. It proved to be a case of poisoning from defective drainage, and he was so long incapable of work that he finally resigned his charge and came back East to recuperate. As soon as his health permitted, as he wrote later to the Secretary, he "travelled about 20,000 miles in the West as a sort of Unitarian Missionary Bishop and visited churches, attended conferences, and arranged conventions in a dozen of the larger cities". In 1889 he accepted a call to the First Unitarian Church in Lowell, Massachusetts, and entered upon a happy and useful pastorate in that city. During his residence in Lowell he was much interested and very active in the work of the American Unitarian Association, which he served as a director. In 1893, he was chosen Secretary. This made him at that time the chief executive officer of the Association, whose work he carried on with all the zeal and intelligence he had elsewhere displayed. In 1897 he gave up the office of Secretary and accepted the editorship of the *Christian Register*. Here he continued for fourteen years and did what was a very important part of his life-work. Through the pages of *The Register* he exerted a quiet but far-

reaching influence upon the mind and spirit of the Unitarian fellowship. At the age of seventy-five he wrote in the *Register*:

> "The near approach of the editor's seventy-fifth birthday, which occurs on the 3d of July next, makes it seem appropriate to inform the supporters and friends of the *Christian Register* that on that date his resignation, now on file, will take effect. He has never done his work with greater ease or cheerfulness than at the present time; but a due regard for the coming on of old age and a decent respect for the traditions and opinions of his fellow-men make this course seem desirable."

Twelve peaceful, happy years with more or less literary work followed.

> *The Register* said of him, after his death:—
> "He had most excellent judgment in both contemplative and practical realms. Seldom does one see a better living example of what was perhaps the meaning of the ancient words 'sound wisdom and discretion'. * * * * * To those who knew him well he was a very dear companion and friend. A preacher of much more than average ability; a writer with literary skill, a counsellor whose advice was in rare degree wise and dispassionate; a man of personal charm and perfect integrity,—Mr. Batchelor has wrought long and well for our higher life in every field of its activity."

The Meadville Theological School gave him the degree of S. T. D. in 1911. He died at Cambridge (where he lived since 1895), June 21st, 1923, twelve days before his eighty-seventh birthday, survived by five children and many grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

He had great affection for his Classmates and a deep interest in our reunions. He wrote the Secretary in,—

1906—"I note with pleasure the kind invitation to spend the morning at Lincoln, to include children and grandchildren. If you will provide a private car for the twenty-one members of my family, with the nurses that it would be necessary to take, I will do what I can to muster the clan in full force. I shall attend the Class Supper, and I hope I may take the hand and look into the face of every living classmate."

In 1919—"I wish I could meet all the survivors of '66 and assure them that in spite of some infirmities there's lots of fun in growing old."

In 1920—" '66 Ueber alles. In '63 after four years of study I was graduated from the Meadville Theological School and then stumbled over the threshold of the Sophomore Class of '66 and thereupon was admitted to the society of a hundred good fellows whose acquaintance and companionship have been among the chiefest of my social pleasures. Now and then I meet or receive a letter from a classmate and mark with a red letter the day when it happens. With keen regret I have noted the passing of my classmates, but have cherished their memory among the bright records of a long life. I am holding myself in reserve for our eleventh Quinquennial dinner in '21 for which 'may good digestion wait on appetite and health on both.' "

In 1921—"The surviving members of my family now number twenty, and there is not a crooked stick among them. Next to them as a source of enjoyment I put the Class of '66. I shall probably not be able to dine with the Class, but I hope to meet all survivors at the house of our honorable classmate and friend, Col. Hayes." In another letter he says, "As the darkies used to sing, 'I am inching along like a poor inch worm.' "

Shortly before his death he wrote cheerfully of his intention to be with us at our annual gathering. When a few days before Commencement his daughter wrote that he had forgotten all about the Day, it was evident that the end was near. He died on Commencement morning.

CATE writes: "I should be delighted to participate in the Class festivities on the 19th ult., but shall have to enjoy them by proxy. Am obliged to send regrets. Kindly send me the Transcript of the doings and oblige. I am sentenced to the hardest penal toil, reluctant rest. With best wishes to all."

*LEWIS SEAVER DIXON was born in New York City September 26th, 1845. His father, Lewis Wheaton Seaver, was a merchant there, and died in Dedham, Mass., at the age of 29, when Dixon was not quite three years old. His mother was Susan Eliza (Fales) Dixon of Dedham. When he was about

six years old she married her first cousin, Rufus Ellis Dixon. Soon after this marriage her son's name was changed from Lewis George Seaver to Lewis Seaver Dixon. He thereafter lived in Dedham, and fitted for college in the Dedham High School.

After graduating, he taught in St. Mark's School, Southborough, Mass., until September, 1868, when he began the study of medicine in the Harvard Medical School. In May, 1870, he entered the Boston City Hospital as ophthalmic interne, and remained there until May, 1871. He received the degree of M. D. from Harvard University, March 8, 1871, and the following September he established himself at Worcester, Mass., as an oculist. He practiced his profession at Worcester till 1883, when he removed to Boston, and there he continued in active and successful practice with occasional visits to Europe, till 1922. He was a member of the American Ophthalmological and the International Ophthalmological Societies.

May 20, 1873, he was married at Boston to Ellen R. Burrage, daughter of William and Mary F. Burrage. She died August 20, 1914. Their son, and only child, Roland Burrage Dixon, H. C. '97, Ph. D., is Professor of Anthropology at Harvard, and Curator of Ethnology, and Librarian of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology.

Dixon was the son of a consumptive father and was considered very delicate in his earliest years, yet he maintained robust health until the last year of his life and appeared well and strong till late in June, 1923. For a year before, however, he had not been so indefatigable a pedestrian as before and felt obliged to take fewer and shorter walks. He seemed as well as ever at Commencement, but soon after he had a sudden attack and died at Boston, after a short illness, August 5, 1923.

He was ever faithful in his attendance at our Class reunions, and we shall miss his kindly and courteous presence.

DUNBAR writes: "Your letter with its promise of another reunion and a word of news and greeting from the boys of '66 was a pleasant May morning arrival. I have little to report except that after 57 years of activity, I have retired from the teaching profession and hope for a few years of freedom. I

expect to be with you on the 19th of June and to partake of the joys of the occasion.

"Greetings to all who remain, whether present or absent."

EMERSON writes: "On Commencement Day I hope that I shall meet you and join in the fraternal ride."

FENNO writes:

"Dear Amicus et Secretarius,—

Your touching appeal to your classmates under date of May 3rd for a word of greeting cannot be lightly passed over, but to those of us who are on the shady side of life there is very little that would be novel or interesting to write about. Most of us have passed the period when new and thrilling experiences occur. As for myself I can only say that I am still progressing quietly along life's pathway without any noteworthy changes since I answered your appeal of last year. Contrary to my usual custom I spent the whole of last winter in Boston without making a Southern journey, and the coming summer I shall rusticate on Cape Cod, where I have been for almost forty years during the summer.

"On Easter Monday I was chosen for the fortieth time Vestryman of Trinity Church in the City of Boston, where for some years I have been Senior Vestryman."

HASKINS writes: "I have little to report for the past year. The only thing of interest, if I may borrow the method of Alice, in her famous adventures through the Looking Glass, is an event which has not yet taken place. I am intending to sail June 24th, with my wife and boy, for England, as a member of the American Bar Association, to accept the invitation of the English and Canadian Bar, and later to visit Paris for a few days, on the invitation of the French Society of Advocates.

"I am still hoping to have the pleasure of seeing and entertaining the Class, at our pretty little home at Wayland on some Commencement Day."

*WILLIAM ALLEN HAYES was born in the town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, June 29th, 1843, a son of John Lord Hayes, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and Caroline Sarah (Ladd) Hayes. His ancestors on both sides of the house were persons of prominence in their communities. His grandfather Hayes being Judge of Probate of the County of York in the District of Maine, and his great-grandfather Ladd of Portsmouth a Colonel in the Revolution. On his mother's side he was descended from John Mason, the first grantee of lands in New Hampshire, who founded the town of Portsmouth.

He graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy in 1862 and entered Harvard the same year as a Freshman. He received the degree of A.B. in course, and the degree of LL.B. in 1868, after two years in the Harvard Law School, and was admitted to the Bar at Boston. He then spent a year in Washington as assistant to Professor Blake in the preparation of his Report on the Paris Exposition of 1867. In 1869 he came back to Cambridge to live with his parents, and opened a law office in Boston.

He was made in 1870 an Assistant United States Attorney for the District of Massachusetts and held this position until his resignation in 1877. In 1908 he was appointed United States Commissioner. The exacting and onerous duties of this office he performed for nearly 20 years with unceasing care and conscientious fidelity, winning the admiration and respect of all who were conversant with his work. He dealt out even-handed justice, but tempered with mercy.

In 1872 he enlisted in the First Corps of Cadets as a private, and having passed through the successive non-commissioned grades, he was commissioned 1st Lieutenant in 1880 and in 1889 Inspector of Rifle Practice on the staff of the commanding officer. After more than 18 years' service in this last office he was retired with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He was a devoted friend to the Corps to the end of his life, and his affection was warmly reciprocated. His place (Havenhurst), delightfully situated on Mt. Auburn Street, Cambridge, opposite Elmwood Avenue, was a source of never ending interest and pleasure to him. It was here that he and his sister loved to welcome their friends and, particularly, the Class of 1866. He gave time and

thought and his own manual labor to the embellishment of the fine old house and to increasing its stock of historic treasures, but his especial interest, deep-seated and ever-abiding, was in his garden. Here most of his leisure hours were spent. Here he would betake himself soon after dawn, dressed and equipped for hard horticultural work, which he would leave reluctantly only when summoned to breakfast, joyfully returning to the beloved task as soon as he got back from town in the afternoon. He was expert in wood-carving and the making of brass ornaments. He was an enthusiastic reader of books, (including his favorite Horace) and was also a faithful student of Heraldry. He was a good citizen and interested in public affairs, though two terms in the Cambridge Common Council was the limit of his public political service. He was a leading member of the Massachusetts Chapter of the Society of Cincinnati. He was a warm and true hearted friend. In fact *nihil humani* failed to attract and interest him. The concourse of mourners at his funeral gave touching evidence of the deep affection and respect in which he was held by all who knew him. He died at his Cambridge home, where he had lived for more than fifty years, on April 1st, 1924, after a short illness. He was never married, and is survived by his sister, who always lived with him, Miss Susan L. Hayes.

The foregoing prepared by your Secretary was published in the *Harvard Graduates Magazine* for June. What can be added now for your own especial benefit who knew and loved William Hayes so well. There is no limit to what one would like to say about him. From the first day we met in late August 1862, until the day of his death, nearly 62 years in all, William was always with and of us, the cheery companion and the dear and unfailing friend. What a busy and varied life he led. His profession, his judicial duties, his 1st Corps of Cadets, his garden and fruit trees, his work shop, his reading, his social activities, to all he gave unceasing and faithful attention, and always alert, bright, interested, and cheerful to the very end of his more than 80 years.

Here is what the United States authorities thought of him.

Judge Morton said: "Commissioner Hayes had to a very unusual degree the affection and respect of everybody who knew him. He was a delightful friend, warm-hearted, loyal and sym-

pathetic, full of interests and enthusiasms, and of curious bits of learning. His integrity and his honor were never questioned by anybody. He was a much abler lawyer than he sometimes got credit for. His views as to the scope and effect of the Fourth and Fifth Amendments, which for a time he held almost alone, and which with characteristic courage he adhered to in the face of much criticism and opposition in certain quarters, were completely vindicated by the decisions of the Supreme Court. He was an outspoken, courageous, kind-hearted gentleman whose death is a great loss to the court and to his friends."

Assistant United States Attorney Elihu D. Stone: "Commissioner Hayes will be mourned by all those who knew him; he will be remembered as a scholar and as a man of courage and independence; he had a profound knowledge of the law; he loved justice; he loved men. His life was indeed an inspiration — a life of purity and service."

United States Marshal William J. Keville: "The death of Commissioner Hayes removes one of the most able, conscientious and fair-minded Federal officials with whom the public has had to deal. Learned in constitutional law, champion of the rights of the individual under the Constitution, his decisions, carefully considered and ever fearlessly rendered, were invariably upheld by the Federal courts. To those of us who had the good fortune to know him personally and in military activities for many years, the passing of Colonel Hayes brings deep sorrow at the loss of a warm, loyal friend, a fervent patriotic citizen and an ardent student of military history."

By the way, a man whom our classmate had held for the Grand Jury said, after his death, "I don't care if he did send me to the Grand Jury, he was a gentleman and an honest man."

Here is what his brother Cadets thought of him.

"It is with sorrow that the Veteran Association of the First Corps of Cadets—101st Engineers—records the death of Lieutenant-Colonel William Allen Hayes, 2nd, which occurred on the first of April, 1924, after a brief illness. He enlisted in the Corps as a private in 1872, and passed through the successive non-commissioned grades, including that of sergeant-major; he was commissioned first lieutenant June 16, 1880, and on February 7, 1889, inspector of rifle practice, on the staff of the

Commanding Officer. After a service of more than eighteen years in this latter office he was retired with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

"Of Colonel Hayes' long career as an honored member of the Massachusetts Bar and Federal Department of Justice, it is not for us to speak, but we are proud to record that after a service of three years as Assistant United States District Attorney, he was appointed United States Commissioner in 1906, and that he discharged the duties of this office, in full knowledge of the law, with courage and independence, and with a due regard for the constitutional rights of those brought before him; his decisions were never overruled.

"We love rather to think of him as a delightful friend of the Corps and of all its members,— warm-hearted, generous, loyal. We love to remember his gracious hospitality and comradeship on all occasions, especially in his own home, and to recall the occasions when he and his sister delighted to receive those of the Veteran Corps who on Memorial Day went to Mount Auburn to pay loving respect to the memory of Colonel Edmands.

"The service for the burial of the dead was held in his home on April third, the anniversary of the day on which Richmond fell in 1865. It was attended by many of those who loved him,— college classmates, members of the bench and bar, personal friends; but by none who loved him more than the members of the Active and Veteran Members of the First Corps of Cadets, who assembled to pay their last tribute of affection. His body was borne to Mount Auburn, the assembled members of the Corps giving him his last earthly salute: his soul goes marching on.

"To his sister, in her great loss, we offer our understanding sympathy."

Our dear old friend has gone and Commencement will not seem Commencement without him. We shall never cease to miss him.

LEONARD writes: "I have no startling or unusual adventures to relate. The earth has made another circuit around Old Sol, and I am still on its surface in good health, and young in spirit, though old in years. Some of my friends say I am

growing younger instead of older. Perhaps my condition is due to having been associated so many years with young people. It is said that Hermippus, an ancient Roman, when he felt the silver cord loosening, cut himself clear from companions of his own age and betook himself to the company of young men, joining with them in their studies and games, and so lived to the age of 135. It holds true generally that those who associate with the young maintain a fresh outlook on life's problems and live to a good old age.

"I am busy in many ways, chiefly at present working in my gardens, caring for and watching the 'flowers that bloom in the Spring' and later in the year, and the growth of a variety of fruits and vegetables."

PEIRCE writes: "No change in my quiet life. Nothing to tell you." Then follow some remarks so complimentary to the Secretary that modesty will not permit him to print them.

PERRY says that he has nothing to say that will interest the Class, but the Secretary has obtained a copy of "American Lawn Tennis," of the date of September 15, 1923, and ventures to make the following extracts:

"Nearly two years ago there came a letter from Wm. Lyon Phelps, Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale University, which said,— The scholar in mind is Thomas Sergeant Perry, of Boston. He wrote a history of Greek literature and a great many books on English and Continental literature. He learned Russian after he was seventy years of age, and kept on playing tennis after the same period. He is just as full of vitality now as ever."

Then follows a letter from our classmate, from which the following is taken:

"Unfortunately I was born at a time when lawn tennis simply was not. The first games I saw were those of the later illustrious Boston players who then, however, were tossing the ball high over the net. When shortly after I began to play, I had reached an age at which present champions think of retiring. I knew no such modesty, and I played with everyone who would dare or consent to face me. I even at one time claimed the championship of the United States because one memorable day I beat a man who, at a happier moment, had beaten William Larned when they were both learning the game.

"Those proud days are gone. Now I can play only with my younger grandchildren. You do good work in giving the world the chronicle of a noble sport, the delight of old and young, a game quite as intellectual as chess and far more difficult, one in which the sting of defeat is lost in the memory of at least one or two good strokes, or in the certainty of doing better tomorrow. What a contrast it presents to its rival! The beaten tennis player does not wilfully break his racquet in despair. We seldom hear his poisoning the air around him with a sulphurous vocabulary."

SHAW writes: "It is hard to make something out of nothing, and my uneventful life affords little material which could interest even my indulgent classmates. But, none the less, my heart goes out to you in affectionate greeting, and will so continue to its last conscious beat."

SHORTLIDGE this year sends only the copy of a letter to the *New York World,* from which the following extracts are taken:

"The decision of President Coolidge to be seen and not shaken at the daily circus of the visitors at the White House has suggested many expedients which might mollify the feelings of the super-American patriots who come to Washington solely in the hope of being made capable of truthfully telling their grandchildren that they had once shaken a Presidential hand. There is a historical precedent in the annals of Gen. Blucher's visit to London after the Battle of Waterloo. * * * Blucher rode in an open royal barouche through streets filled with jostling millions. On the first day all who could edge in close enough shook the great General's hand. The natural consequence was a disabled dexter equipment. Not to be outdone in courtesy, the General called in a chiropractic fabricator and had him contrive a false hand for the second day's ordeal in his glorified tours of London. So ingeniously was this false hand made to take the place of Blucher's real hand that it was shaken the second day by the Londoners while the stricken hand was resting concealed in a sling."

The Class will be pleased to know that George Demetrios, a Greek by birth with a studio in Boston, has made a bust of Shortlidge, "The Eminent Teacher." A newspaper says it is "fine in pose as well as in character, and modeled in a big free way."

*FRANCIS RUSSELL STODDARD died in Plymouth, Mass., on September 2, 1923, in his eightieth year. He was born in Plymouth on January 26, 1844, in a house which had belonged to his mother's family for about one hundred years. Through his father he was descended from John Stodder, who settled at Hingham, Mass., in 1638, and through his mother he came from William Thomas, one of the "merchant adventurers", who financed the first voyage of the Mayflower in 1620. Through both parents he was descended from passengers on the Mayflower, and from many of the oldest Massachusetts families. He graduated from the Plymouth High School, and later from Phillips Academy at Exeter. He was a son of Isaac Nelson Stoddard, President of the Plymouth National Bank, President of the Plymouth Mills, Collector of the Port of Plymouth and Vice President of the Pilgrim Society. His father was an enthusiastic Amherst man, and tried to send each of his five sons to his own college. Influenced perhaps by the fact that their mother's father, Col. John Boies Thomas, had graduated from Harvard in 1804, and her grand-father, Judge Joshua Thomas, from Harvard in 1772, the four oldest boys selected Harvard as their college, while the youngest, who was technically inclined, went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Stoddard entered Harvard in the Class of 1866 in the fall of 1862. The war had been waged for over a year. His older brother was an officer in the army, and Stoddard hoped to join him but was prevented by several reasons, not the least of which was ill health. In spite of this, he spent part of his vacation in 1861 as a volunteer on a Massachusetts Schoolship which was examining vessels entering the port of Boston in the absence of all vessels of the regular Navy on the blockade. He also belonged to the "home guard" maintained at Plymouth, which helped fortify the Gurnet and was intended to guard the then extensive town shipping from raids of privateers. After graduating from College with the class, Stoddard engaged for a time in the real estate business in Boston. On April 8, 1868, he was married to Mary Frances Baldwin, daughter of Jacob Baldwin of Boston, and until her death on May 18, 1922, his married life could not have been happier. In 1869, Stoddard was appointed

a Deputy Collector of Taxes for the City of Boston and in 1872 he became an Assessor. In 1875, he became Cashier and Assistant Collector of Taxes of Boston, which position he held until 1898, when he resigned because politics began to control the Collector's Department. He, thereafter, moved to Buffalo, New York, where he became Treasurer and a large stockholder of the Sherwood Manufacturing Company, which manufactured flue cleaners and scrapers and machine parts. About 1902, he came to New York City where he became the head of the Ridgewood Branch of the Home Trust Company. There he was practically independent, as he had his own directors and passed on his own loans. During the panic of 1907, when every New York City bank was besieged by clamoring depositors, the officers of his bank determined to close all branches and to require payment at the main office. Stoddard knew that the confidence of his depositors would be shaken, should his branch close even for a day. Though all his money, except about twelve dollars, had been transferred to the main office, he opened as usual on the critical day. A long line of people stretched out into the street. Greeting friends in the line, he assured all as to the solvency of the bank. Many left at once saying that Mr. Stoddard's word was enough for them. Several persons said they wished to deposit and these were brought forward. Persons whom he had never seen made deposits with a statement that they did so as evidence of their respect for and confidence in Mr. Stoddard. All day the bank was open and doing business. That night the officers of the main bank met and the question arose about opening "Stoddard's branch". Stoddard told them not to worry about opening the branch, as he had never closed it. They asked him what he had done without money, as hundreds of thousands of dollars had been drawn by panicky depositors from the main bank. He answered that he had started with twelve dollars and, after meeting demands, had ended the day with fourteen thousand dollars. All during the remainder of the panic, when small change and bills were at a premium, he supplied more than was sufficient, not only for all offices of the bank but also for other banks, from money received from his depositors. During his last years, Stoddard retired from active

business, living in New York City at 2 East 86th Street each winter, and at "Cherry Hill", or at his beach house, in Plymouth each summer. While in Boston he was President of the New England Association of Exeter Alumni, Secretary of the Boston Art Club, on the membership committee of the University Club, a charter member of the Massachusetts Society of Mayflower Descendants, and a member of the Society of Colonial Wars, the Sons of the American Revolution and the Unitarian Club. In Buffalo, he was a member of the University Club, and in New York City a member of the Harvard Club. He was also a member of the Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati and a trustee of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth. At the tercentenary celebration in 1921 at Plymouth of the landing of the Pilgrims, he took the part of the Pilgrim Governor, John Carver. He rehearsed his part for one month and acted for another month before crowds that frequently numbered more than ten thousand persons. President Harding praised the pageant in the highest terms. To Stoddard his part was a religious tribute to Governor William Bradford and his other Pilgrim forebears. He was a most active member of the Society of the Descendants of the Pilgrim John Howland, and one of his last acts was to collect a large sum of money in ten dollar subscriptions so that the grounds of the Howland house at Plymouth might be restored to their original condition. He was a versatile writer. For many years he was a regular contributor to various newspapers and his stories and poems had more than ordinary merit. He did some travelling in Europe, where his wife and children lived for many years. He was always interested in the Class of '66, and attended all reunions when possible. His death was unexpected. He had been on a long automobile trip from New York City to Buffalo and then through Canada to Plymouth. He was very tired when he arrived and at once went to bed at "Cherry Hill", the house purchased by his father when he was a small boy, and where he was living when he first met his wife on the evening of Commencement Day in 1866. Every room was filled with associations and he loved the old place. He died from heart failure in the same room where his father and mother had died. He was buried at Mt. Auburn Cemetery on Sep-

tember 4th, and Storey, Hayes, Leonard and Underwood attended the services. Nothing would have pleased him more than the attendance of these representatives of his classmates for whom he had the most intense affection. Stoddard had many friends who felt his loss keenly. He is survived by his daughter, Mrs. George Dallas Yeomans, wife of the Vice President and General Counsel of the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Company, and by his son, Francis Russell Stoddard, Jr., Harvard 1899, Colonel in the Coast Artillery Officers Reserve Corps and Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York. Through his daughter he had three living grandchildren and two great-grandchildren; through his son, he had five grandchildren. His life has left an example for them to emulate.

F. R. S., JR.

STOREY writes: "Your invitation to write something for your class report is a command. As the shadows grow longer and our numbers dwindle, we are all the more anxious to hear how it goes with the comrades who still stay in the ranks. It is always good for soldiers to 'touch elbows.'

"There is little that anyone who has passed or is nearing his 80th birthday can tell of his own achievements in a year. If he has kept well and as happy as this season of partings permits, he has done all that anyone should expect, but there is family news to report. Mine has taken the form of young ladies, for since last Commencement I have added one granddaughter and one great-granddaughter to my descendants; the first is Miss Gertrude Storey, the daughter of my younger son, and the second is Miss Anna L. Storer, daughter of my elder son's daughter, Mrs. Theodore L. Storer. I feel more like a patriarch than ever, but none the less am going to London this summer to help accept the invitation of the English lawyers to the American Bar Association, and if I survive I hope to enjoy it. I am the oldest portable ex-president of the latter. This is the chronicle of a year except for humdrum work, some contributions to the discussion of public questions, grave anxieties, sad partings, and much domestic content."

UNDERWOOD writes: "I am very sorry that I have delayed replying to the circular so long as not to be able to answer it in full. * * * * * These few words will tell you of my deep sorrow at the loss of five of our dear classmates during the year, of my heartiest greetings and best wishes to the 19 survivors, that I hope and expect to meet as many of them as can be with us on Commencement Day to celebrate the 58th anniversary of our graduation, and that I am now perfectly well and hope to continue so."

WARD writes: "As for myself, looking back in retrospect, I recall going to Brazil with Agassiz in 1865; then a few months engineering at the Lawrence Scientific School; then business with Barings, first in Boston for a year or two, then in New York until about 1907. I married in 1872. My children, three, are already in their forties and fifties; two of them are married, and have seven children; one child married, another, F. D. Perkins, is musical critic for the *New York Tribune;* another, a granddaughter, is a third-year medical student at Columbia University. The youngest granddaughter is twelve years old, and bound to be an author, in time. With affectionate greetings to one and all. * * *"

*GEORGE DERBY WELLES was born on the 28th of September, 1843, in the town of Dorchester, now a part of Boston. His father was Arnold Francis Welles and his mother was a daughter of John and Ellen Derby of Salem. His father died when Welles was a year old, and five years after his mother married the Honorable Robert C. Winthrop.

Welles was fitted for College in Boston and he entered Harvard in 1862 as a freshman. During his College course he belonged to the Porcellian Club, the Hasty Pudding Club, the Natural History Society and the Institute of 1770. He was Chairman of the Class Day Committee.

Shortly after graduation he sailed for Europe, where he spent the remainder of his life, making occasional visits to America, including one to California from 1876 to 1882.

He was a staunch and warm-hearted friend, and devoted and enthusiastic in his attachment to his College and to his Class.

He wrote the Secretary affectionate letters, and he attended a dinner of the Harvard Club at Paris only a few days before his death, on November 29th, 1923. He was married at Paris, September 1, 1869, to Armandine Giffault, who survives him.

WHEELER writes: "Each of our lives being an involuntary speculation over which we have more or less influence, but no real control, I reflect that through no fault of my own — quite the contrary in fact — I am, in family history, a full generation behind the rest of you, and still largely concerned in educational matters. Bancroft in June becomes M. D. Leonard will have toiled successfully through the second year of law. Eunice becomes a senior at Smith, largely interested in music. Nat *hopes* to graduate through the 1/7 door of Middlesex into Harvard, 1928.

"My knees are not so secure, and my eyes and ears even less reliable than they were a year ago, and I shall sadly miss the newly absent faces, but I hope to join the group at the Union Club on June 19th, with a heart full of gratitude to Mrs. Farlow."

WILLIAMS writes: "After living peacefully for more than seventy-five years at the corner of Warren and Townsend Streets, Roxbury, I, with my sister and brother, was greatly disturbed by the City of Boston taking the old homestead with its various buildings and some 5½ acres of land for a high school. Work was begun last May. For the present we shall be able to occupy our house, but in the near future, when the contemplated extension of the school house will be made, we shall be obliged to move. Among the buildings demolished was the bowling alley built over sixty-five years ago. Here I had, as a boy, many times set up the pins for the Reverend Thomas Starr King, our pastor at Hollis Street Church, who was very fond of bowling, and made the best score in his time. He left Boston in the Spring of 1860 for San Francisco, having accepted a call from the Unitarian Church there. He was generally believed to have done more than any other man to keep California in the Union.

"Apart from the little episode of the City's taking our homestead, I have pursued the even tenor of my way, and have enjoyed all the health that a man of 79 years should expect."

*WILLIAM JONES LADD was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, February 4, 1844, the son of Alexander Hamilton Ladd and Elizabeth Parry (Jones) Ladd, and like his cousin William Hayes, a descendant of Captain John Mason, the first grantee of lands in New Hampshire. He was fitted for college at the schools in Portsmouth, and at Phillips Exeter Academy, and he was admitted to Harvard as a freshman in July, 1862. In the following September he enlisted as a private in the 13th New Hampshire Regiment, was promoted to Sergeant Major, and was commissioned Lieutenant in March, 1863. He subsequently served as a Staff Officer on the Staffs of General George W. Getty, General George H. Stannard, General W. T. H. Brooks and General Charles Devens, in the campaigns which resulted in the fall of Richmond and the destruction of Lee's army. At the battle of Fort Harrison, September 13, 1864, he was severely wounded, and was brevetted Captain for gallant and meritorious services. While on the Staff of General Devens, he was the first Union officer to enter Richmond on its occupation by the Union Army. He rode in alone on the morning of April 3, 1865. As he was riding up Franklin Street near the Ballard and Exchange Hotels, one of a group of sailors from a Confederate gunboat rushed out from the sidewalk with a drawn cutlass and endeavored to stab him. Warding off the blow he rode on, and, after wandering through the city without further molestation, he came back and joined General Devens. Later in the day a gunboat was seen anchored in midstream, from which a Confederate flag was still flying. Captain Ladd jumped from his horse and rowed in a boat to the ship. He quickly ran up the mast, secured the flag, and had just stepped ashore when the magazine blew up and scattered the gunboat in fragments from bank to bank. He was mustered out of the service of the United States at the close of the war.

After leaving the army, he took a course in civil and mining engineering at the Institute of Technology. In 1870 he was employed in the service of the B. & M. R. R. at Burlington, Iowa, and subsequently had charge of coal properties at Ottumwa, Iowa, and at Chicago, Illinois. In 1878, he came to Boston and entered the service of the C. B. & Q. R. R. Co. and became

Comptroller of the Corporation. In 1897 he accepted the position of Treasurer of the Boston and Montana, Tamarack and other copper mining companies.

He married, June 21, 1869, Anna R. Watson, daughter of Robert S. Watson and Mary H. Watson, of Milton, Massachusetts. Some ten years later he came there to live for the rest of his life. He died in Milton June 25th, honored, respected and beloved.

He is survived by three daughters, two sons and many grandchildren. His classmates vainly strove to obtain for him the degree of A. B. in their year, in lieu of which the College gave him in 1891 the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

Sixty-two years ago next month a timid, slender lad of fifteen, took the horse car in Bowdoin Square, in the early morning for Cambridge, to take the examinations for admission to the Freshman Class. There were numerous other Sub-freshmen on the car, but the mind of the lad was not at ease. He had heard blood-curdling stories of the boldness and badness of Sophomores and their wild ferocity toward Freshmen and particularly Sub-freshmen, and the possibility of a sudden fierce attack made him tremble inside, while keeping up with some difficulty cheerful outward demeanor. Suddenly he saw standing at the upper end of the car, a fine-looking, very well dressed young man, mature and manly in appearance, and the lad's heart was at once cheered and his confidence restored, for he said to himself, "No Sophomore however wild and reckless would ever dare to do anything to disturb any Sub-freshman in the presence of that dignified, awe-inspiring, Senior." Later this gentleman turned out to be only another Sub-freshman, named William Ladd, and the two classmates, in the succeeding years of close friendship, had many laughs over their first meeting. Ladd kept his youthful handsome looks, figure and carriage and his taste in dress during his whole life, and until he was stricken with angina pectoris nine months before his death. It was always a pleasure to look at him. He was an ardent sportsman, and loved both shooting and fishing. The former, however, he gave up a few years before he died, but the Summer of 1922, he went as usual to New Brunswick for salmon-fishing. He was

proud of his garden and fruit trees and they always had his personal and watchful care and attention. His horses and his dogs were dear to him. Withal he was a keen and able man of business, and a devoted husband, father and brother.

We shall always miss him.

WILLARD writes: "I grieve to tell you that I cannot attend Muster on June 19th — not even as water-boy and camp-follower. I have facial neuralgia (fortunately only by day) that breaks out in the slightest wind, East rather more than the others. Otherwise I am rather well; walk several miles daily, rain or shine (but no wind) at a good pace, almost a quick-step, eat anything without fear, and might even take the draughts of the wicked, *s'il y en avait de quoi,* and sleep most comfortably. I guess I must join Perry, who said he should not attend any anniversary till the 100th, and that is only 42 years ahead, and by that time, or if right shall prevail sooner, our people return to sanity and liberty, we may meet and rejoice together with full numbers and sing. Fair skies and best of time for June 19."